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Current Comment

Dover, Ohio, is our idea of a poor place to live. Sunday the motion picture house in that city was closed and the people operating it arrested for putting on a Sabbath matinee. It is pretty safe to say that the majority of Dover citizens are not in sympathy with the law—if law it is, since the grand jury has on other occasions refused to indict on like charges.

In Trenton, New Jersey, a 132-year-old blue law was yesterday dragged from the dust under which it had slumbered fittingly for some years, and the righteous John Laws, on insistence of local clergy, reported tennis players, autoists, people who listened to anything over the radio other than sermons, and people who played other than hymns on their pianos. They included bus drivers, train crews—and every one else who pursued his daily bread or a bit of week-end happiness. If that condition continues to exist the 1940 census will without question disclose a decided decrease in the population of Trenton, New Jersey. The only bright spot in our consideration of that great little town is that we don't **have** to live there—or in any other community where a few holier-than-thou's try to suppress the majority through the medium of antiquated and ill-favored blue laws.

Blue laws are very un-American in that they attempt to limit personal freedom of the people. Laws to protect animals, human beings, and property are essential enough and should be enforced. Laws designed in the dark ages to cheat people out of harmless pleasures are wrong and should or should not be obeyed, according to the lights of the individual.

In Campbell, we are pleased to record, there are no laws, rules, or regulations which tell us what we may and may not do on Sunday. A great many of our people go to one or the other of our several churches. Radio music—popular and divine, issues from Campbell homes, and instrumental music is not confined to any class. Tennis or baseball are the order of the day for some; ice cream, candy, tobaccos, groceries, etc., may be had at any time. The local picture house features a Sunday matinee and automobiles flit hither and thither unmolested. We are a community of Americans with all the priveleges of American citizens.

That the Santa Clara valley is becoming more and more popular with home seekers is evidenced by the fact that during the past ten years there has been a 43 per cent increase in the population of Santa Clara county. In 1920 there were 100,676 people in the county and now there are 144,921 people living n the "Valley of Heart's Delight." What will the 1940 census show?

Our idea of a big-hearted woman is portrayed by Mrs. Lucas G. Vogt, Portland, who supplied her husband money to pay up back alimony to his first wife. What divorcee s in this country need is more and bigger-hearted second wives with bigger and better jobs. Yes, the second Mrs. Vogt has a good job and doesn't require the support of her spouse.

The Sunnyvale site for the proposed dirigible base is receiving favorable consideration—according to reports emanating from Washington. Major H. M .Hickman of the army general staff is a powerful ally of the northern site, saying that the fleet would be 'licked' in the San Diego harbor. That is a possibility t would be well to avoid, for regardless of the numerous treaties and other diplomatic pooh-blah in which the world powers have sought to entangle one another, war on a grand scale is likely to arise at any time.

And in the event of another war, the nation best equipped to carry on aggressive battle in the air is the potential victor. In the case of the United States, it would probably be a defensive battle, and the strategic location of air bases is a matter not to be lightly considered—unless we harbor a desire to wake up in heaven some fine morning and gaze down upon an America devastated by gas, high explosive, or what have you.

That's all.

Funeral Services For William L. Cooke Held Friday Evening

Services were held Friday evening at the Place funeral home in Los Gatos for William L. Cooke, who passed away at the county hospital early Thursday morning. Mr. Cooke, who had been ill for some months, was taken to the hospital three months ago. At first he rallied, but advanced age and low resistance finally triumphed and he passed on, with his children gathered around him, in his sixty-first year.

He was a native of Oklahoma, coming to California with his youngest daughter, Mildred, seven months ago to be near his son, Lloyd, and another daughter Wilma Jean, and still another married daughter who passed away two months ago. The reunited family has been living in Campbell since the father's arrival in California.

In addition to the services in Los Gatos Friday evening, at which the Rev. Wintler of that city spoke a few cheering words, a graveside service took place yesterday at Yreka, where interment was made and where the deceased's eldest daughter lies at rest.

William Cooke, during his brief sojourn in Campbell, was known to his neighbors by his cheerful smile which was habitual in spite of failing health. He was a kind father, leaving behind four adoring children, Mildred, Wilma Jean Smith, William Lloyd and Mrs. Arnett Bush of Oklahoma City. Other surviving relatives are two nieces, Mrs. A. B. Moore of Klamath Falls, Ore., and Mrs. Roy Pruitt, of Medford, Ore. They, with their husbands, were present at the services in Yreka.

Santa Clara County School Kids Hold "Tennis" Tourney

Friday afternoon last the Campbell grammar school playground was the scene of much activity when the elementary schools of Campbell, Union, Cambrian, Los Gatos and Guadalupe districts held the fifth annual paddle tennis tournament here. This is a valley-wide affair, all elementary schools taking part in the various districts.

Winners of the preliminaries will meet May 29 for the semi-finals at Campbell, Saratoga, Berryessa and San Martin schools, and the finals will be held June 3 beginning at 1 p. m., the place of play to be announced later.

In the preliminaries Campbell won three out of four sets.

Miss Olive Hanger To Wed Mr. Willard Farr

Miss Olive Hanger, daughter of Mrs. C. E. Hanger, will become the bride of Willard Farr, Sunday, June 15, at a ceremony in the Campbell Methodist church at 3:30 o'clock.

Miss Hanger and Mr. Farr became acquainted during their attendance at the College of the Pacific, graduating last year. Miss Hanger was a member of the Tau Kappa Kappa sorority and is now teaching at Pacific Grove.

The groom is the son of Rev. Frank Parr, pastor at Salinas, and former pastor of the Campbell Methodist church. Farr is a graduate of the Campbell high school. He was a member of the Omega Phi Alpha fraternity at Pacific.

Rev. A. S. Buell will officiate at the wedding and the father of the groom will asssit.

Friends of Miss Hanger have been feting her with numerous showers, bridge parties and luncheons.

RURAL CARRIERS HELD PICNIC AT MENLO SUNDAY

The Santa Clara county branch of the California Letter Carriers association held a picnic and barbecue at the C .E. Gilcrest home near Menlo Park all day Sunday. Mr. Gilcrest is the Menlo Park carrier.

About 40 people were present including the carriers and their families. Jack Haynes, president of the association, and Dan Yeager, secretary and treasurer, were present. Other counties represented at the picnic were San Mateo, Santa Cruz, San Benito, Monterey and Alameda.

All postal employees of the Peninsula district, including San Jose and San Francisco, will hold a picnic at Searsville lake, west of San Mateo, Sunday, June 22.

Miss Alice Strom Is Honored At Bridge Luncheon Saturday

Miss Alice Strom was the guest of honor at a delightful bridge luncheon at the home of her sister-in-law, Mrs. David Strom in San Jose Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Strom was assisted by Mrs. Howard Burkhart.

Luncheon was served at small tables that were prettily decorated with a variety of flowers. Bridge was played during the afternoon.

Miss Strom is to be married in June to Harold Silvey of Pacific Grove, and a number of parties have already been given in honor of the approaching wedding.

Invited guests were Vivian Wilder, Grace Corner, Ann Hoghue, Edna Johnson, Bertha Adams, Elina Farman, Rowena Farman, Clara Baggs, Juanita McConnell and Anita Strom, and Mesdames Gayno Eddlemon, Herold Sydie, Percy Dunlap, Oluf Strom, and the guest of honor, Miss Alice Strom.

Mr. and Mrs. Thielke Will Entertain Ticket Sales Prize Winners

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Thielke are taking the prize winners of the orchestra concert ticket sale for a week-end stay at their mountain home on the Big Basin road above Boulder Creek. The party will leave Campbell Saturday afternoon and return home Sunday evening. The prize was offered by Mr. Thielke as an inducement for orchestra members to get out and sell as many tickets as possible.

An enjoyable program for the holiday has been mapped out by Mr. Thielke and the victorious students are assured a good time. The four prize winners are Mildred Pyle, Vera Flint, Margaret Keesling and Willis Noethig.

Mrs. Bachman New President of Rebekah Stitching Club Here

Mrs. Anna Bachman was elected president of the Ada Rebekah Stitching club at their meeting Thursday afternoon, May 22. Mrs. Hazel McQueen was elected vice president and Mrs. Emma Main secretary-treasurer.

The last meeting of the season will be held Saturday evening June 7 at the I. O. O. F. hall when the new officers will be installed. Mrs. Carie Silver, Mrs. James Burns and Mrs. Earnest Snow compose the committee in charge of this meeting.

Campbell Beats Levins 13 to 11 Sunday

In Sunday's game of baseball Campbell again came out on the long end of the score. The Levins were ahead in the hits but lost the game through too many errors. Campbell won 13-11, in one of the best exhibitions of the season.

Next Sunday, June 1, Campbell will play at Madrone.

L. E. Vaughn, manager of the local club, is leaving soon to make his home in Oakland and another manager will be needed. Vaughn has been thorough in his capacity as manager and has helped make a good club.

Local Kiwanis Golf Team Trimmed By Gilroy Men Sunday

In the series of three golf games Gilroy Kiwanians again defeated the Campbell club in the final game. The score was 16 to8. The first game was played at Gilroy and they defeated Campbell 11-4. The second game was played at the Rinconada club with Campbell winning 9-8; the last game was played on the Monterey Bay links near Santa Cruz last Sunday.

Representing Campbell were Herold Morton, Ralph Hyde, Geo. Blaine, Frank Blaine, Roy Archibald, Guy Farley, Al Moreland and William Lloyd.

Editor's Note: Among the offerings from the Campbell high school this week we found the following poem. The sentiment expressed therein deserves prominent position, hence the front page.

FROM THOSE ALONE WHO KNOW

Oh, let us rest in peace!
Our fearful work is done.
How can our sleep be deep,
When hearts for us are wrung?
Just hide with us the thoughts
And memories of the war.
Put it all behind you
And there will be no more.
Let not your hearts be wrung,
For we are of the past,
When you have done with war,
Peace will be ours at last.
Fling high the flag of peace!
Rest not till this is done.
United in love and faith,
The world will all be one.

Lola Rhoten, C.U.H.S.

Los Gatons Witness "The Rock," Play By Campbell C. E. Folks

The Los Gatos Methodist church was filled to capacity when the religious drama, "The Rock," was presented there last Sunday evening. The audience was very generous in their praise of the production and the excellent manner in which the players portrayed the characters of the Biblical story.

The cast was made up of members of the Christian Endeavor society of the Campbell Congregational church.

High and Grammar P. T. A.'s To Install Officers and Hold Dads' Night June 3

The Grammar and High schools P. T. A. will install their new officers at a joint meeting and supper at the grammar school cafeteria Tuesday evening, June 3. This will take the place of the afternoon meetings of the organizations.

Every family who plans to come should bring a hot meat dish and a salad.

The celebration of "Fathers' Night" will take place on this occasion. Dinner will be served in the cafeteria at 6 o'clock and a program will follow. Mrs. F. Lopes is in charge of arrangements.

Campbell Women At Cty. Federation Card Party Last Friday

The County Federation of Women's Clubs held a card party at the San Jose Woman's club Friday afternoon, for the benefit of their scholarship fund.

Representing Campbell clubs were Mesdames L. J. Carboni, W. H. Stray, R. Y. Maxon, H. C. Smith, George Burrow and the Misses Helah Laird, Emma Dalvit, Laura Allen and Annie Schulte.

County Campfire Girls Hold Annual Affair

The Campfire girls of Santa Clara county held their annual council fire Saturday afternoon at Leib's Gardens in San Jose.

The girls were dressed in their ceremonial gowns and some in regulation uniforms in honor of the occasion and to carry out the program in a fitting manner.

The Campbell group took an active part in the program which was the chief feature of the day. The flag salute was given by this group.

Anna Bourne Cutting Buried Saturday At Los Gatos Cemetery

Mrs. Anna Bourne Cutting was born Aug. 12, 1846, in East Falmouth, on Cape Cod, Mass. Her ancestors were Bournes and Hatches. Richard Bourne came from England, and was at work as a missionary among the Marshpee Indians on Cape Cod in 1658, some 30 or 40 years after the arrival of the Mayflower. He learned the Indian language, settled their boundary disputes, and finally purchased for them lands upon which they lived for the following two centuries. Among the succeeding Bournes were ministers and senators.

The Hatches were seamen. One was a missionary to Honolulu, others captains and whalers. Several were lost at sea, accounted for by storm or iceberg. Tiring of these tragedies, Mercy Hatch Bourne, and her husband, Ezra L. Bourne, decided to leave Cape Cod, and take their children, mostly boys, away from the temptation of the sea. In 1856 they moved to Winneshiek county, Iowa, but the tragedy of water followed them, for one son was drowned in the stream that ran through their farm during a spring freshet.

Ezra Bourne died 13 years later, leaving his widow with a large family of children of whom Anna was eighth. There were eight younger children of the same parents, but the older children were half brothers and sisters. A typhoid fever epidemic took several of the younger children.

Anna at the age of 12 went to live with her aunt, Irene Kimball. She attended school at New Oregon and at Cedar Rapids, and began teaching at 18 years of age. Altogether she taught eight terms in various places, Plymouth Rock, Round Grove, New Oregon, Wentworth, and Jamestown. While teaching in the latter school she became acquainted with C. D. Cutting, a farmer of Riceville, Iowa. They were married in 1870, when Anna was 23 years of age.

The farm was large, 500 acres, and there was always plenty to do. There were five boys in the home and a little girl who died of whooping cough in infancy. Including farm help there were usually a dozen at the table, of whom one was usually a girl to help about the house.

The home was one of great hospitality. The pioneer ministers of the Riceville church boarded there; and an adopted daughter was reared in it. Three or four aged people found refuge in it till the days of their deaths, some of them spending many of their declining years there. Relatives paid lengthy visits and were treated as members of the family.

Rev. B. St. John, now of Woodside, Calif., was often a summer visitor at the farm. "She knew how to bring up children," he said of Mrs. Cutting. "There was discipline in the home, but the kind that resulted in mutual love and confidence. She loved children, for she had the spirit of a child. She loved flowers and always had them about her wherever she went." But it was not until she came to California where flowers bloom so easily that she had enough to satisfy her desire. To visit any of the places in which she has lived is to see a wealth of roses, shrubs, and vines which she planted and left behind.

The family moved on west from Iowa in 1893. For a short time a home was made in Souquel, and in 1894 a place purchased on Hamilton avenue. Since that date Campbell has been the center of their interests, although short periods have been spent in Palo Alto, Pacific Grove, and finally on Harrison avenue, Campbell. Her husband, C. D. Cutting, died there April 10, 1926, at the age of 92. Since that time she had made her home with one of her sons, F. H. Cutting, and family.

Her life was one of great activity and blessed with remarkable health. She was cheerful of disposition and habitually brightened her task with a hymn. She selected her reminiscences from the humorous and happy incidents of her past, choosing to forget its disappointments and hardships. Her motherly ministrations blessed many beyond her own family circle, and her warm hospitality reached a larger circle still.

Toward the close of 1929 she was stricken with one of the common infirmities of age and began gradually to fail. After an illness of seven months she passed away May 21, nearly 84 years of age.

There are five sons: William C., orchardist; Francis H., landscape artist; Charles B., orchardist; Theodore A., of Campbell, high school faculty; and James A. M. D., of the Agnew state hospital medical staff. There are eight grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held Saturday morning from the Campbell Congregational church, with the Rev. J. H. Bennett officiating. Interment was made in the Los Gatos cemetery.

CARD OF THANKS

The members of the Cutting families wish to express their appreciation for the flowers, the music, and all the expressions of sympathy received in their recent bereavement.

H. M. BUFFINGTON TO OPPOSE JOE McKINNON IN RACE FOR SUPERVISOR

Howard M. Buffington of Willow Glen will oppose Joseph McKinnon for the office of supervisor of the fourth district in the August primaries. Buffington belongs to a pioneer family of Campbell and spent many of his boyhood years in this community. He has lived in this valley and county for 52 years and has watched its growth and development with much satisfaction and interest.

Buffington was a candidate for the same office four years ago, but was defeated by McKinnon in the primary election.

Charity Lodge Stages Entertainment For Folks At Decoto Home

Hats off to Brother Thielke. That's the unanimous vote of the party that visited the Masonic home at Decoto Saturday evening. The event was a program and party sponsored by the members of Charity lodge, with A. A. Thielke in charge of the program.

The Campbell high school orchestra gave a concert of several selections, much to the pleasure of every one. Mr. Thielke directing.

The Leda Gregory Jackson Gypsy chorus sang and danced through some delightful numbers, receiving repeated encores.

Little Barbara Jones of the Vaudine Putnam Sanders school of dancing gave a very pretty solo dance.

The ladies of the party had prepared light refreshments for the visitors and entertainers. The meal was spread in the new wing dining room. Songs, yells and toasts helped to enliven the refreshment hour almost to a point of a big game rally. Superintendent Hartman of the home was so pleased with the evening that he issued an invitation to Campbell Masons to do it again sometime!

Mrs. W. N. Lloyd Had Bridge Luncheon for Friends Last Tuesday

Tuesday afternoon Mrs. W. N. Lloyd, assisted by Mrs. Gordon Ainsley and Mrs. J. C. Ainsley, was hostess to a group of friends at a luncheon and bridge party at her Hamilton avenue home.

A large table, set for 12, was trimmed in pink and silver with a centerpiece which was a little white fence with pink vines and a gate at which stood a little doll in a pink dress and carrying a pink parasol. Place cards were dolls in pink dresses. The rest of the decorations of the larger table were tall tapers in beautiful crystal holders, and bouquets of pink and white flowers.

A smaller table was set in the sun room, which was beautifully decorated, and of the same color scheme and decorations as the other table. Eight guests were seated at this table.

TURKEY'S PRIDE

A Story for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"You remember the other day how Grandfather Turkey told us about the way we were well fed when Thanksgiving time was drawing near, and how we were eaten for that day?" asked George Turkey.

"I remember," said John Turkey

"I've been thinking it over ever since then," said young Master Turkey.

"When we first heard the news," he continued, "that we were going to be fed for a special day and only were going to be fed so that people could eat us, we thought it a little strange.

"You remember that Grandfather Turkey told us that would be the reason for our fine names, but that now in the springtime we must keep our feet dry and not catch cold so we could grow into splendid, strong turkeys?"

"We most certainly do remember it," said the other two turkeys.

"We did feel just a little better after a few moments of Grandfather Turkey's talk," said young Master Turkey, "because he said that it was fine to live a glorious life full of food even if it were not to be for long.

"That cheered us up a bit."

"Yes," said young George Turkey, "that made me feel quite happy again."

"It made me feel the same way," said young John Turkey.

"But I've been feeling happier since then," said young Master Turkey.

"Has it made you happier to think it all over?" asked young George Turkey.

"It has," said young Master Turkey. "I've been thinking more about it, and I've been finding out more about it.

"There are a number of old turkeys around the barnyard and they've been telling me all that happens.

"They've been telling more of the same talk as Grandfather Turkey told us.

"They have said that some of us would be eaten when Thanksgiving day came around again, but that it was a long time away.

"I found out more about that day, too, you know.

"It's a day when people are thankful for everything they've got—health, sunshine, happy homes, people who love them and whom they love—and oh, they've got very

"That Cheered Us Up a Bit."

many things for which to be thankful.

"But mostly they're thankful because a good many years ago this country in which is this barnyard was a very young country and it was through brave men who didn't mind suffering many trials that they could build up the country.

"So people celebrate this day every year to show they are thankful that they are living in this country.

"So we should do our parts, too, if it means that we're to be eaten."

And the young turkeys felt proud that they were singled out for such a fine day as Thanksgiving and in the meantime they could have a very nice summer ahead of them.

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Written for Amusement

It is said that the child's book, "The Adventures of Tommy," was written while its author, H. G. Wells, was convalescing in a friend's home. He had been given a box of paints, and to amuse himself wrote and illustrated this story of a "very proud rich man" and a "very nice boy named Tommy." He presented it to a little girl in the household, with the colored pictures.

Jews Not Free From Cancer

There is no truth in the often-repeated statement that Jews never have cancer. Many cases of cancer occur among Jewish people. So far as we know no comprehensive effort has been made to determine the frequency of cancer in respect to the race. The common notion is that Jews never have cancer because they do not eat pork.—Pathfinder Magazine.

DIET and FOOD

By NELLIE MAXWELL

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone,
For this old gray earth has need of your mirth,
It has sorrow enough of its own.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

AFTER all the advice from various diet experts as to reduction of fat, if we simmer it down to the reasonable and normal conclusion, we find that if one is overweight, we need less food and more of exercise. Less food does not mean that we should change our mode of living or giving up the foods we like, but cut down on the amount. Leave the table with the feeling that you could eat more, and would really enjoy more; but refrain. Such is good discipline for both the body and the mind.

The Chinese, healthy, long-lived and normal in weight, eat one food mostly. The single diet, that is their secret. In Russia cabbage is the main dish. One of the evils of our modern civilized life is the complexity and mixtures that we make of our food.

Look at the large families of healthy children; if there are any large families in your neighborhood; note their diet. One family of nine, with seven healthy, rugged, bright-minded children would have for a noon meal such a one as this: When green peas were plentiful they made a meal of cooked peas with bread and butter. When strawberries were in season strawberry shortcake would be the whole meal for the nine. All had all they wanted and everybody was satisfied and needed nothing more.

Every one of those children is well and doing his or her part in the world's work. They were poor, but never made any apologies if a friend dropped in at meal time; he was as welcome as if they were serving a feast, which it was, to every guest.

How simple we could make our meals if we followed the single diet; what a saving on the housewife and wear and tear on our stomachs. But of course we hear some one say, I cannot eat strawberries and it doesn't run in our family to like cabbage. Well, pick out the food you do like; there should be many, and give a day to the enjoyment of each, or even a meal of one food now and then; it is worth the effort.

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SPORTS APPAREL IMPORTANT

FROCKS must be sports or else be formal. There is no half way measure about it, for fashion refuses absolutely to compromise. When clothes are sports they are very, very sportsy. Designers of wearing apparel for the outdoor and sports enthusiast are directing their efforts more and more toward achieving practicality and comfort for women who play tennis, or golf or basketball or who spend hours on the beach.

Stress is laid on complete outfits with interchangeable parts, so that the costume may be made to tune to the various athletic requirements of outdoor life. This ensemble movement is meeting with splendid success. The dress program in camp life runs somewhat in this way—the day begins with middy and bloomers, changing to shorts and skirt, and if a stroll on the beach is in contemplation then the sailor pants and sleeveless middy or gay flowered overalls if one's taste runs in that direction.

Should a game of tennis be proposed, then a costume such as pictured will prove par excellence. Shorts, blouse and a detachable skirt make up this ensemble—ideal for wearing during strenuous play on sunny courts. The designer develops this costume of bemberg shirting, a material which is cool to the touch, has every appearance of handsome wash silk, and which launders so beautifully it grows lovelier to the eye with every tubbing.

Sometimes, shorts and skirt plus a blouse take on a fourth member, namely a full-length coat to match, made after the style of a man's lounging robe. Interesting pajama suits feature the trousers pleated from hip yoke to hem, with the pleats stitched down to the knees, where they suddenly flare, achieving decided fullness around the hemline.

The sun-back tennis frock is a general favorite. Some of the newer models adopt short sleeves, although the sleeveless type is in the majority. At first sight one gets the impression of extreme simplicity for the lovely pastel colored spectator sports frock which those who attend the game for the purpose of seeing and being seen. A closer scrutiny, however, reveals the presence of very complicated seaming, tucking, likewise fagoting drawnwork, and sometimes embroidery.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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Hawaiian Forests

Hawaii is blessed with a considerable quantity of forest land, yet with the exception of one type of wood, koa or Hawaiian mahogany, the forest lands are of little value. The total acreage of woodlands is estimated at 1,000,000 acres, but it is largely in tropical forests with much mesquite. Ohia lehuan, another type of tree, has considerable value as a protection for watersheds.—Washington Star.

To Comfort

Have we not often forgotten the real meaning of the verb, "to comfort"? It is "comforto"—to strengthen much. He who increases the power to bear does even more than he who decreases the burden.

"CHICNESS" MARKS NEW HATS

TURNING prose into poetry—milliners are doing just that, if we compare the monotonous, not-any-too-becoming hats which for so long a time persisted in the near past, with the picturesque beribboned, sometimes beruffled and often wide-brimmed creations of straw, fabric, or lace which glorify the style picture for spring and summer, 1930.

At every turn in the realm of the hat beautiful emphasis is placed on the new slogan adopted in fashionland—to be chic is to be "pretty." Not for seasons and seasons has milady's chapeaux been so flattering, so versatile, so altogether fascinating.

The group shown in the picture above demonstrates to what extremes millinery is going this season, for the new collections include every type from beret to lovely face framing and otherwise picturesque brims.

The lace-trimmed poke bonnet reflects no little degree the trend to picturesqueness which is so outstanding this season. One can picture this model of fine straw or taffeta and make no mistake. By the way, hats of stitched taffeta, with face-framing brims, which are unstiffened, are the "last word." The idea is to wear the brim more ways than one, in bonnet fashion or nonchalantly turned back off-the-face. In the picture lace is so arranged that it can be brought across the eyes in veil style, or worn in the new poke-bonnet effect.

Lacy straw in a soft brown tone fashions the handsome afternoon hat with its becoming wide brim. It is trimmed with pale rose velvet ribbon. Touches of pastel-colored ribbon, whether of satin, velvet or taffeta, appear on many of the new straws, especially turquoise blue or pink on the black straw hat.

For the little close-fitting hat shown here Camille Rogers works tulle and horsehair together, adding a dash of satin ribbon in a trimming way. These fanciful little creations which fit close to the head share honors with smart berets of milan braid, the latter featuring subtly draped silhouettes.

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Style Has Lasted

In the days when caps were worn instead of coats men frequently carried swords, hung at the left side, under the cape. The cape was held closed from left to right so that the right hand would be free to reach for the sword when necessary. When coats were substituted and swords were not necessary, the left side was still lapped over the right because men had become accustomed to it.

Watch for Him

The fool who rocked the boat has given that up long ago. He wabbles an auto now and tries to see how near he can come to sideswiping an approaching car.—Florida Times-Union.

Famous Horse Race

The Kentucky derby is a $50,000 race for three-year-olds at one and a quarter miles. The race was one and one-half miles from 1875 to 1895. It is run at Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.

Brings His Prisoners in Whole

The Weekly Short Story—By LEETE STONE

THE service, appointments, manners and attire of its members all set down the Navajo club as being no whit different from its elite eastern counterparts. The Navajo was in the bustling city of Gallows Head, Ariz. And there was a difference. Here gathered the fathers and sons of the Old West; the West of flying lead and fast monte games.

One finds these men grouped in cozy corners of the lounge room; mostly dressed in dinner jackets; seamed, rugged, square-jawed faces with the crow's foot patterns and gray crowns that stamp them as well past fifty. Seeking companionship; living over days desperate and wild in the soft environs of a softer age.

Such a coterie offered me cordial hospitality. Each one of us sat in a chair that felt as comfortable as Cleopatra looks in the prints that picture her cruising down the Nile. Jevons, to whom life lacks savor since he sold his huge ranch for a million; Granger, who had come up the trail from desert rat to mining magnitudes of golden eminence, and Taylor, gaunt, lean, once a star ranger. Taylor possessed in these electric days more memories than money. He drawled:

"Say, men; what's the funny quality inside some little guys that beats brawn and beef a mile? Interestin' . . . I found it, ever since I broke my first bronc. An' I didn't hit 'er between the ears with a bottle, either. Want to tell you about a little squirt I never been able to—to—an'lyze."

"Shoot!" we murmured.

"He strutted into the lamplight one night—I was sheriff at Bend Bowl back in the Nineties—a short squat, tiny figure topped by a dusty, black, flapping sombrero. His eyes had the far-off stare of the desert-tracker, an' his upper lip was decorated with mustaches so wide, an' curled weirdlike, that they almost reached to 'is shoulders.

"Me an' my small night crew, tired o' hearin' the rain spatterin' on the roof, looked up.

"'Pardon me, gents . . . ' the tiny man said soft-like an' fillin' just a corner o' the doorway. 'I'm Ranse Bane, deputy from New Mexico. I was jest wonderin' if I could use yore jail overnight.'

"With a jerky motion that might have been commandin' in a reg'lar built man, there sidled into view, towerin' behind the whippet, a blue-jawed giant in a dirty flannel shirt an' a messy hat that hit the top o' the door frame. This here giant jest stood, chin droopin' an' sheep-eyed, behind the little Bane guy an' the steel wristlets that chained his mighty mitts together sort o' flashed yellow in the lamplight.

"'Who you got?' I asks this deputy.

"'Wall . . .' the small guy spoke shy-like, with the still, small voice the Bible mentions, 'hit's jest a personal matter down where I come from. This here dude is no-count. We wanted 'im bad. So I took th' liberty o' comin' after 'im myself 'stead o' askin' you-all to nab 'im for us. We're pullin' out'n the mawnin'

"He loosened a trifle after two cups o' strong coffee . . . 'That bo,' says he, 'left New Mexico 'bout a year ago. Beat up one o' our prettiest gals pretty bad. Then he pulled two considerable hold-ups north of us an' they caught 'im. But he done got away . . . so thought I'd jest bring 'im back myself this time.'

"Seemed nothin' more to say, so me an' the boys sunk to silence for a bit while the baby-deputy admired the ceilin' an' tossed off the last o' 'is cup o' coffee. One o' my gang was a wisecracker. He let go.

"'Guess yuh didn' let him stretch 'is arms, the fellow croons, 'or he'd a lifted you right off yer feet . . . he's pow'ful big!'

"The little guy looked some surprised. Seemed to . . . er . . . ponder. Then 'e slapped 'is laig an' smiled again—that same giggle-smile.

"'Guess I'd a had to tickle 'is ribs with this,' he come back, pointin' at the butt of a .45 Frontier Colts, which, as if beckoned, peered from the edge of his jacket. 'I'd sure hate to, though,' he ambles on, 'because I like to bring 'em back whole, y'see.'

"This boy o' mine was a weapon fiend. He owned more Colts than an arsenal. He had to see the little guy's gat—see if he had the similar models hung in 'is own shack, I s'pose. 'Let's see' my boy says. The little Bane hands over th' gun as if 'e was 'fraid of it.

"My fellow spins the cylinder; examines it careful an' seems awful puzzled. He hands it back to Bane with the remark:

"'Say—why don't yuh load that gun? You only got one shell in it now.'

"'Well, say . . . I jest went out after the one pris'ner, didn' I? An' I told yuh I figgered to bring 'im in with a whole skin' . . ."

A long pause while we gazed at the flickering embers; Jevons, Granger, Taylor and myself.

. . . "Funny, eh?" Taylor finally punctuated his story.

Granger, the old desert rat in dinner clothes, grinned at the speaker:

"Nerve; you old tinhorn Texas ranger; nothin' but nerve."

(Copyright.)

Said the "Sage of Chelsea"

As a "collective wisdom" of nations the talking of parliament, I discern too well, can never more serve. Wisdom dwells not with stump oratory; to the stump orator Wisdom has waved her sad and per emptory farewell. A parliament, speaking through reporters to Bunkum and the 27,000,000, mostly fools, has properly given up that function.—Thomas Carlyle.

Superstition Lingers

Even in this day and age there are some people in England who believe in witches. Burning the Clavie, an ancient custom, of which the object is to free the inhabitants of the city from witches for another year, is still celebrated at Burghead. Blazing embers are carried through the town and flung through open doors of houses to burn up the witches.

Canadian Banking Laws

Canadian banks are not required to have any definite amount of cash on hand or on deposit with the government. The government, however, may make any demand on the banks it deems fit to safeguard the public. Each bank must keep enough gold coin with the government to balance its own banknote circulation.

Prized by Book Collectors

It is said that the world's greatest printed treasure is the Gutenberg Bible in three volumes, owned by a famous German collector who in 1926 paid $303,000 when he purchased it from the Benedictine abbey of St. Paul in the valley of Lavant in Carinthia.

LUMBAGO?

A pain in the lower part of your back can torture you. But not for long, if you know Bayer Aspirin. These harmless, pleasant tablets take away the misery of lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, headaches, toothaches, and systemic pains of women. Relief comes promptly; is complete. Genuine Aspirin cannot depress the heart. Look for the Bayer cross, thus:

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Hill's Hair Dye, Black and Brown, 50c

Grammatical Distinction

The word "bank," like other words indicating a collection of individuals such as "company, crowd, flock, number," etc., may be used occasionally in a collective sense. In such cases, if one is thinking of the individuals forming the collection, the plural is used; if one is thinking rather of the collection itself, the singular is required.

A Sour View

Marriage is a case of egotism divided by two.—Chicago News.

A Sour Stomach

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

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PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

The Mazaroff Mystery

By J. S. FLETCHER

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W. N. U. Service

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

WHAT WENT BEFORE

Mervyn Holt is engaged by a man calling himself Mazaroff as a traveling companion. After a short tour they put up at Woodcock inn, on Marrasdale moor. They meet, casually, Mrs. Elphinstone and Sheila Merchison. Mazaroff informs Holt that they are his wife and daughter and that his real name is Merchison. That night Mazaroff fails to return to the inn. Holt meets Sheila and tells her of Mazaroff's disappearance. They go to her cousin's (Verner Courthope) shooting box, hoping to hear word of Mazaroff. They meet Mr. Armintrade and Doctor Eccleshare. Police Sergeant Manners and a reporter, Bownas, question Holt. Mazaroff's murdered body is found. Crole, Mazaroff's lawyer, and Maythorne, private detective, arrive. Valuable diamonds that Mazaroff usually carried are missing. A gun, stolen from Musgrave, is found at the scene of the murder. Evidence at the inquest proves "Mazaroff" was Merchison. Herman Kloop, close friend of Mazaroff, says the latter had two remarkable diamonds.

CHAPTER V—Continued

—7—

"Were there any other guests than yourselves at this Woodcock inn?" inquired Kloop.

"Staying there—no," I replied. "People came in, though, for lunch—people who were motoring north or south."

Kloop folded his hands on the table and looked from one to the other of us.

"What is in my mind," he said, "is that Mazaroff may have been tracked to this place, caught on that moor by the man who had tracked him, and done to death."

"For what he had on him?" suggested Crole.

"That, or something like it," answered Kloop. "I see it's stated in the papers—from Mr. Holt's evidence—that he probably had a lot of money, and his valuables on him. But—do you know if he had anything else—anything that would make a man resort to actual murder to gain possession of?"

"We don't," answered Maythorne. "The fact is, Mr. Kloop, we came to you, hoping that you, as a close friend of his, could throw a lot of light on Mazaroff. What now, was he likely to have on him?"

"I will tell you what I know of Mazaroff. It may do some good—but I think the secret of this business will be unearthed only by getting at Mazaroff's doings between the time he arrived here in London and his murder at Marrasdale moor."

"You have read what was said at the inquest about Mazaroff being in reality one Andrew Merchison? Very well—do you know if he was Andrew Merchison?" Maythorne asked.

"I do not," replied Kloop. "But," he added, with a quiet smile, "I dare say he was. In fact, I should conclude he was the Andrew Merchison spoken of at the inquest. He was a bit of a mystery man. But I never knew him as anything else than Salim Mazaroff, and he never said a word to me about his antecedents, during the whole time of our friendship.

"When he first became known to me, Mazaroff was what you might term a general trader, or general speculator in commerce. But of late years, he had given up all that and had turned his attention exclusively to diamonds. When he retired, and when he came to England he had a certain deal, or venture, or speculation on, and I am inclined to believe that it had more than a little to do with his murder.

"Last winter Mazaroff got hold of a truly magnificent diamond. I have seen the famous Blue Hope—Mazaroff's stone was finer, both in size and quality. It weighed fifty-five and a half carats; its color and brilliancy were superb! I don't think—indeed, I am sure—it was not seen by anyone but myself in Cape Town; Mazaroff sent it off to England. He—"

"To whom?" interrupted Maythorne.

"That I do not know," replied Kloop.

Maythorne produced the receipt for the registered letter posted at Cape Town and passed it over to him.

"Do you think that receipt has anything to do with the sending?" he asked. "Look at the indorsement on the back—in Mazaroff's writing."

Kloop examined the bit of paper carefully, on both sides, and finally passed it back with a satisfied nod.

"Oh, no doubt!" he answered. "That would be about the date. Sent it to the London branch of his bank, to be sure. The indorsement proves it, too—what could be clearer? 'Bl. D. 1.' 'Blue Diamond One,' of course."

"Why, 'Blue Diamond One'?" asked Maythorne. "Is there, or was there, a Blue Diamond Two?"

Kloop smiled knowingly.

"Precisely what I am about to tell you!" he answered. "There was!—in the end. And I feel convinced that Mazaroff had Blue Diamond Two, and perhaps Blue Diamond One, on him when he was murdered on the moor! After he got hold of the first blue diamond, he developed an almost feverish craze to get a second. I knew he got Blue Diamond One for what you call, I believe—in your English phrase—a mere song. But he was so intent on getting another blue diamond to match it that he told me he was preparing to go to a great length, a big price. In the end he got what he wanted."

"Another?" exclaimed Crole.

"Another. And equally fine," replied Kloop. "I don't know, for he wouldn't tell me, what he gave for it. But he got it—and not very long before he sailed for England."

"You saw it?" asked Maythorne.

"I saw it—yes," assented Kloop. "So—I have seen both. I don't think anybody else has. Unless—

"Were There Any Other Guests Than Yourselves at This Woodcock Inn?" Inquired Kloop.

which I suspect—Mazaroff has shown them here, since his coming. He had his eye on buyers in Europe."

"Did he mention any particular buyers?" inquired Maythorne.

"He did not. But he did tell me that he had a man here, in London, who did things for him, and who was in touch with European and American people of high degree that might be inclined to give a very fancy price for the pair."

"And you feel sure that he first sent Blue Diamond One to London, and then brought Blue Diamond Two in his own pocket?" suggested Maythorne.

"I feel sure of that," said Kloop. "I may say—I'm certain of it. And since I have learnt these particulars of his sad fate, I have wondered if Mazaroff did one of two things, or, perhaps, both? The first—did he get talkative on board ship, and show his second blue diamond to fellow passengers; the second, did he show it here in London, amongst the fraternity?"

"The fraternity?" said Crole.

"I mean Hatton Garden," answered Kloop, with a knowing smile. "Where, as you must know, the greater part of the diamond transactions of this country are carried out. It will surprise me if Mazaroff is not to be heard of there! Come, gentlemen, I will walk along the street with you . . . and we will see!"

We made a little procession along Holborn: Mr. Kloop and Maythorne in front, Mr. Crole and myself in the rear.

Kloop greeted a man whose fine cloth overcoat was ornamented by a luxurious fur collar and his black satin stock by a blazing diamond pin. They were evidently well acquainted and met with much enthusiasm and handshaking—after which Kloop drew his man aside. When, a few minutes later, they parted, Kloop came to us, shaking his head.

"That's a man who knows this place from top to bottom and end to end," he remarked. "And he has not heard of Mazaroff and his blue diamonds. That inclines me to a further belief in what I've been thinking all along—which is that Mazaroff intended, and perhaps had in view—a private deal with those stones—did not intend them to come on the market. This is the market!—and that man knows nothing. But there are still other men."

After that he dived into several offices, and spoke to other men whom he met on the street, but we got no news of Mazaroff.

"The fact is evident," Kloop said, as we once more sought the open street. "Mazaroff has not visited these regions during his stay in London. I am convinced now that if he showed his blue diamonds here it was in private."

Then, saying that he must now attend to his own business, Kloop left us. We three went to lunch.

"Well, we've got some information," observed Maythorne as we settled down at a corner table. "We've found out about those diamonds. I figure up the situation in this way: Mazaroff sent the first—Blue Diamond One, as we'll call it—to his London bankers. Now then—did he send it for safety, until his coming, or, did he send it that it might be shown to a likely customer? I think, to a likely customer—I also think more, in view of that cipher letter. I think that—probably for some time—Armintrade, then at the Imperial Banking Corporation of South America in London, had not only had charge of Mazaroff's correspondence with the bank, but had corresponded privately with Mazaroff. I think that Armintrade took charge of Blue Diamond One till Mazaroff's arrival with Blue Diamond Two, and, probably, during the interval made inquiries for a likely buyer of the pair.

"From all I hear of him, Mazaroff was an astute man. He probably figured that there was a lot of men here in England who, rightly or wrongly, have made vast fortunes out of the war. Such men—as we well know—want to set up in great style, or, rather, they do set up in great style. And the men have women—there's Lady Midas as well as Sir Gorgions. Now what does Lady Midas want—diamonds! What is a fashionable woman without diamonds? Her hair may be false and her skin as yellow as parchment—but she's going to have diamonds glittering in one and on the other. Now I reckon that Mazaroff knew all that, and that he considered Lady Midas the customer he was looking for, eh?"

"Well—no doubt you're not far wrong," laughed Crole. "Now, if you've got Lady Midas' address in your pocket?"

"At present," observed Maythorne, "Lady Midas is found at a lot of addresses. In the meantime, there's spade work to be done in another corner."

"It strikes me there are several corners," said Crole. "Up to now we've had no light on that Mombasa affair. There can be no doubt that Merchison was on that ship that he slipped away from it, leaving his things behind, and got safely ashore—to disappear as Merchison and reappear as Mazaroff. Now, why?"

"I should say—because he wanted to cut clear of Mrs. Merchison left at home," said Maythorne, dryly. "He wanted her to think him dead!—what did it matter as long as he was alive? But I tell you he was always a bit of a mystery man, and I'd give a lot to know where he went and with whom he talked, and so on, that day after he and Holt struck the Woodcock. He saw somebody that day who gave him some information about Mrs. Elphinstone and Miss Merchison—he said as much to you, didn't he?"

"He did," I admitted.

"Well—who was that somebody?" he asked. "That somebody who's never come forward?"

Maythorne laid down his knife and fork and bent across the table to us.

"Suppose," he said in a whisper, meant to be mysterious and significant, "suppose—eh?—suppose it was his wife?"

This suggestion seemed to impress Crole even more than it impressed me—his mouth opened and he started. But before he could say anything, a young man came threading his way through the crowded room and made for him. He bent down, handed Crole a card, and whispered something. Crole looked at the card and towards the door. "Outside?—waiting?" he said. "Bring him in here, Rollinson."

Rollinson—one of Crole's clerks—went off, and Crole threw the card on the table for us to look at. It was a very neat, beautifully engraved card giving the name and address of Mr. Adolf Frobenius, 508 Bond street, W., and a very neat, spick-and-span gentleman followed it.

"Swell jewelers in Bond street," whispered Crole, as Mr. Frobenius, ushered by the clerk, made his way to our corner; "client of mine and neighbor of mine, too—lives near me at Wimbledon; smart man. Hallo, Frobenius!" he continued as he greeted his visitor. "Delighted you run me to earth. Let me introduce my friends—Mr. Maythorne; Mr. Mervyn Holt. I dare say," he added, with a sly smile, "you've heard of both, before now."

"Of Mr. Maythorne, often," answered the jeweler, with a polite bow. "And Mr. Holt—since I read in the newspapers of the Mazaroff affair. Which affair, Mr. Crole," he continued, seating himself by the solicitor, "is what I have come to see you about."

"I thought so," said Crole. "Guessed it at once. We shall be glad of any information. Did you know Mazaroff?"

"I have read a great deal in the newspapers about this affair. And I came along to see you, Mr. Crole, because I am almost sure that not very long ago, under rather unusual circumstances, I met Mr. Mazaroff."

"Good!" exclaimed Crole. "But—you either did or you didn't. Why 'almost'?"

"Because," answered Frobenius, "the man whom I met was not introduced to me by any name. I just met him. However, he was a notable man—and the description of Mazaroff in the papers corresponds with my recollections. But I will give you the facts. During the past twelve months or so, I have had dealings with a Sir Samuel and Lady Loeke. Sir Samuel is a self-made man; to be plain, he made a vast fortune as a contractor during the recent war; he is, I gather, a multi-millionaire. About a year ago he bought Lord Mulworthy's house in Park lane. He and Lady Loeke—chiefly her ladyship—have had extensive dealings with me in jewelry and plate. Lady Loeke has bought a good many jewels from me.

"Well, about a month or five weeks ago, I was called to the telephone one afternoon, and found Sir Samuel speaking to me. He wanted me to go around to Park lane there and then, to look at and estimate the value of a diamond that had been offered to him. I found Sir Samuel and Lady Loeke in their library; they had with them a stranger whose appearance, as I recollect it, corresponds with the description of Mazaroff given in the newspapers—I particularly remember the cast in the left eye. He was not introduced to me by name. It appears that the stranger was one who was interested in diamonds in a large way, had heard of Sir Samuel and his wife as possible buyers, and was willing to sell them something of very special value; to wit, a remarkable pair of blue diamonds, of which he had one in his pocket. It was this that I was asked to see. He told me it was one of a pair—the other was equally fine. He further said that he had been in the diamond trade for some years, in South Africa, had now retired, and this would be his last deal. What the Loekes wanted to get at was—what were the two diamonds worth? The would-be vendor and myself had a good deal of talk about the matter. He was very fair and reasonable, and he and I eventually came to a decision as to a proper price for the pair."

"And what might that be?" asked Crole, eagerly.

"Well," answered Frobenius, "we agreed that a fair price would be a hundred and sixty thousand pounds."

Crole let out an exclamation of astonishment.

"One hundred and sixty thousand pounds!—for a couple of diamonds!" he said. "Whew!—that's a bit exceptional, isn't it?"

"You have to bear in mind that the diamonds are exceptional," answered Frobenius. "The sum we agreed upon was a reasonable price—not an extravagant one."

"And what happened?" asked Maythorne. "Was the deal carried out?"

"That I do not know," replied Frobenius. "I perceived that after having agreed with the seller as to what would be a fair price, my part was played, and I left the seller and buyer talking the matter over."

"You've heard nothing since?" inquired Crole.

"Nothing. I haven't seen Sir Samuel Loeke, nor Lady Loeke, since that afternoon," said the jeweler. "And of course I haven't seen the blue diamond man. But I feel sure that he was the man who is referred to in the newspapers as Mazaroff."

"I don't think there's much doubt about that," assented Crole. "Well, now we'd better get in touch with these Loeke people," he continued, glancing at me and Maythorne. "Park lane, you said?"

Mr. Frobenius gave us the exact address of Sir Samuel Loeke and left us. Crole and I, as if by common impulse, looked at our companion.

"Well?" said Crole. "What's Maythorne asking himself?"

Maythorne looked up from a pattern which he was mechanically tracing on the tablecloth.

"Only one thing to ask—at present," he said. "Did Mazaroff tell those diamonds to Sir Samuel Loeke? If he didn't—"

"Well?" demanded Crole.

"Then, in that case, Armintrade's got them—in my opinion. And—the job will be to prove that he has! Where have we got the slightest clew to what we want to establish—that he and Mazaroff met on that first day after Mazaroff and Holt arrived at the Woodcock? But we're getting at something—and it all points to Armintrade. Now let's see this Sir Samuel man and get a step further."

We chartered a taxicab and were driven to Park lane, where we pulled up in front of an imposing mansion, at the door of which we were encountered by a footman whose liveries were rather more gorgeous than the usual run of things in that way. The room into which we were ushered after we had sent in our cards looked as if some very high-class upholsterer had been given carte blanche to wreak his own will and fancy on it. A little, apple-cheeked, red-nund man, who wore mutton-chop whiskers and a ready smile, came bustling in, a big, half-smoked cigar in one pudgy hand.

"I know what you chaps have come for!" he exclaimed, beaming from one to the other of us. "This Mazaroff affair!—I've read it all in the papers, and your names, too, same as what I see on your cards—just so. Now then, what's it all about, gentlemen? It's a queer business, I think—what?"

"You're aware of it, then, Sir Samuel?" suggested Crole. "Well up in things as far as they've gone?"

"Who isn't?" exclaimed Sir Samuel. "Been plenty in the papers anyway. Of course, me and her ladyship's read all we could set our eyes to. It was only this morning she says to me, 'Sam!' she says, 'as sure as fate, somebody'll come to us about this here affair!' And—there you are! But I'll tell you what—come this way, gentlemen, and then her ladyship can hear all you've got to say."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Hawaiian Vocabulary

There are approximately 16,000 to 18,000 words in the Hawaiian language.

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Hairless Rabbits

Russian hairless rabbits may yet appear on the scene, pursued by the already familiar—perhaps too familiar—Mexican hairless dogs. In the Journal of Heredity, D. A. Koslovsky of the State Institute for Experimental Veterinary Medicine of Russia tells of several hairless young rabbits that appeared among normal litters in hutches of his experimental animals. Some of them were partly clothed, having hair on their noses, ears, shoulder blades and other bits of their anatomy. So far, however, all the hairless young ones born have died without issue. The breed is therefore not established, and may be difficult to make a permanent one, even if it is considered desirable to do so.

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Left-Handed

Left-handed children should never be forced to become right-handed. The brain, which controls muscular movements, would be affected, with possible serious results. Tactful training in the use of both hands is all you should do.

Troublemakers are as plentiful as peacemakers are scarce.

Hate no one—hate their vices, not themselves.—Brainard.

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MINNIE E. HICKS
R.R. #2, Rushville, Indiana
"When I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I could hardly do my housework. I was so nervous and weak from Change of Life that I had to lie down very often. I heard about the Vegetable Compound through a pamphlet which was left at my door. I am doing all the housework for a family of four and it keeps me on my feet. I have taken six bottles and I have gained strength and flesh."—*Minnie E. Hicks.*

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

THE CAMPBELL PRESS
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MEMBER OF CALIFORNIA STATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

Editorial

POETRY AND LIFE

The announcement that John Masefield has been appointed poet laureate of England, succeeding the late Robert Bridges, revives interest in poetry as a means of expression, as well as in the ancient office of poet laureate to the king of England.

The earlier poets laureate were a kind of glorified royal minstrels, who were supposed to sound the praise of the king on every possible occasion. Naturally, the necessity for being a sort of lyrical "yes-man" did not attract the poets of the highest genius, and there have been few holders of that title whose names are now rememebred. But when Queen Victoria appointd Alfred Tennyson as laureate a new style was set. Tennyson refused to write poetry to order. He did compose some verses in commemoration of events in the life of royalty, but they rank among his poorest work. But Tennyson was the greatest poet of his day, one of the greatest who ever wrote in the English language, and he gave to the title of poet laureate a new dignity.

Tennyson's successor, Robert Bridges, was regarded in literary circles as a first rate poet, but his work never had the popular appeal that Tennyson's had. Few of his peoms are knewn at all in America. For that matter, few of John Masefield's poems are known on this side of the water. The only living English poet whose work has had American popularity comparable with Tennyson's is Rudyard Kipling, and Kipling is now an old man and probably would not have accepted the post of laureate even if it had been offered to him. And that was out of the question, since the king's appointment was made on the recommendation of the prime minister, and the present prime minister, Ramsay Macdonald, is at odds with his predecessor, Stanley Baldwin, who happens to be Kipling's brother-in-law.

John Masefield is a different sort of poet. English to the core, he has expressed in his poems a deep sympathy with and understanding of the working classes and the "under dogs" generally. His youth was spent in poverty, one almost says as a tramp. He served before the mast as a sailor, found himself stranded in New York and earned his bed and board by acting as a porter for a friendly saloon keeper. Yet his poem, "Reynard the Fox" brought him the instant approval of the English aristocracy. He now lives at Oxford, in the shadow of the historic university, and runs a little theater where he produces original plays.

In another respect John Masefield differs from the traditional poet; he is a teetotaller. "Inspirations must come from a man's own soul and not from alcohol," he says. He is now 55 years old, with every expectation of 20 years more of productive life, during which everything he writes will be eagerly read all over the world.

* * *

THE SUPREME COURT

There are two equally honest points of view held by men of differing convictions, in the matter of the qualifications of a justice of the supreme court of the United States. One view is that no man should be appointed to the supreme bench whose views on social and economic questions do not conform to those currently held by the group which happens to be in control of the United States senate at the time. The answer to this, the opposing view, is that men of character and integrity do not permit their personal opinions to deter them from interpreting the constitution and the laws passed thereunder in the light of the best traditions of the law and the bench.

Men have been nominated for the supreme court in our time, and confirmed by the senate, whose known social and economic views were totally at variance with those held by the majority of the senate at that time. The case of Justice Brandeis is in point. But there was more to the rejection of Judge John J. Parker by the senate than that he does not see some things eye to eye with the majority of the senators. The impression was created by Judge Parker's opponents that he was too eager for the office, that too many purely partisan considerations entered into his nomination by the president. Those considerations alone might not have prevented his nomination, however. Beyond them was the desire of the insurgent group in the senate to give President Hoover a slap in the face. That is part of another chapter in the political history of the United States, which, when written, will deal with the effort of the senate to control the entire government.

President Hoover's nomination of Owen J. Roberts of Philadelphia in place of Judge Parker seems to have been his personal selection, uninfluenced by political or territorial considerations. Of Mr. Robert's qualifications as a great lawyer there are no two opinions.

Just For Fun

A COLUMN OF FUN AND FACTS

By Haliwell & Jones

* * *

HOWDY FOLKS—The season for week-end parties is here now. The trouble with a week-end party is that it takes all Friday to get ready and all day Monday to get rested up.

* * *

MUSIC NOTE

Tenors who sing through their noses should have them lifted so that the folks in the balcony can hear better.

* * *

THE POLITE ROTARIAN: "OH, DON'T MENCKEN IT."

* * *

Dan Yeager says, "It's queer. No fellow is good enough to marry a nice girl, but just anybody is good enough to be her dad."

* * *

Doakes McBathwater, in one of his deeper moments, says that perhaps the Salvation Army can survive as a democracy, but he cannot imagine a victorious war in which the doughboys vote on the general's tactics.

* * *

Harry Smith is getting to be a regular night owl, as he does not go to bed some times until nearly half past nine. Some people are wondering why he doesn't get the job of rolling up the sidewalks and blowing out the street lights in Saratoga after everybody else has gone to sleep.

* * *

Guy Farley, who has already gained favorable comment because of his endeavors in behalf of the younger generation, now plans to influence flappers to join the cavalry, so they'll become bowlegged enough to wear galoshes without tripping over the buckles at the top.

* * *

A government bulletin on our desk says that spraying will destroy all pests. Why not try that on the next book agent that comes along.

* * *

Wewish to issue a bulletin right here on the tire business—which is good and getting better. It is apparent that the trend is to the GOODYEAR TIRE family—particularly the Goodyear All-Weather Heavy Duty. Come in and let us tell you why they are better.

HALIWELL & JONES
OPPOSITE SCHOOLS — PH. 111
Campbell, California

CENSUS FIGURES SHOW TREND IS TO THE CITIES

By Caleb Johnson

Except in a very few, widely scattered and especially favored regions, the farming districts of the United States are losing population.

That is true not only of the strictly agricultural territory, but of the little villages which once were the farmers' trading centers.

All over the United States, the census returns so far completed tell the same story. The little villages of 500 or so are disappearing. Some of them are already down to the dimensions of a filling station, and hot dog stand. Almost all of them show a decline in population since 1920.

Where have the people gone, who used to live on the farms and in these little country hamlets? To the big cities? All of the big cities show population gains. The biggest cities naturally show the biggest gains. But that does not mean that the farmers of the United States are flocking into Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia and New York.

They are moving to town, but to the nearby, growing country towns. For while the very small villages are mostly getting smaller, the trend of census returns to date indicates clearly that the medium-sized country towns ,the larger rural communities and the small cities are all growing. The towns that had a thousand or so in 1920 are now mostly in the 1500-2500 class. Towns of 5,000 ten years ago now have from 7,500 to 15,000 inhabitants as a general thing. One of the most interesting single groups of facts disclosed by census returns as published so far, is the large number of little cities which have jumped into the 10,000 class. And the same holds good all along the line.

We are all moving into town. But that doesn't mean that we are all becoming city folks.

We are moving into town for several reasons. Some of us—a good many of us—are still farmers, although living in good-sized communities. In that respect we are getting to be like the farmers of Europe. Over there the farmer seldom lives on his farm unless it is a very big farm ,in which case he usually lives in a castle or manor house and his tenants, who rent their little farms from him, live in a village which he owns. Farmhouses scattered over the country side, a mile or three or ten miles apart, are almost unknown in Europe.

The European farmers have always lived in towns, however. They had to live in communities in the old days, for protection against wild beasts and robbers, and they have kept up the habit of community life, going out each day to their farms ,perhaps several miles away from their homes. On this side of the Atlantic, however, men started farming before there were towns, and we established the habit of living on the farms in the beginning of our development, and kept on living that way from force of habit, in part, and in part because most farmers couldn't live in any other way and keep on being farmers.

We have talked a lot about the joys of rural life, and there is much to be said for the farm house as a place for a big family to grow up in. But we're not raising such big families, and you never heard the women folks on the farm say very much about how happy they were to be snowed in in winter, mired in in spring, and the teams all too busy to take them to town when the roads did happen to be passable.

The plain fact is, that we have been living on the farms because we had to. We had to until the automobile and its offspring, good roads, came along. Even then the older generation, fixed in its habits, resisted the idea of moving to town, although they all enjoyed getting t town easier and oftener than before. But with the rise of the movies and other entertainment, with the superior shopping facilities which the larger communities could offer, with better churches and better schools in the towns than the strictly farming community could support, and most of all, with a chance for the boys and girls to make a living in ways which they liked better than farming and which, for most of them, promised to pay them better than farming, the movement from farm to town set in strongly.

In other words, rural life in America is now definitely community life—large town or small city life—for probably three quarters of our population. The census figures don't show with great precision just what proportion of the total population still lives in communities having a decidedly rural outlook. The government arbitrarily classes all communities of more than 2,500 as "urban" and all below that as "rural," but we all know of towns smaller than 2,500 which have many metropolitan characteristics and of towns of seven or eight or ten thousand which are still rural in their outlook.

The tndency, however, is toward the same kind of living in the small cities as in the big ones, in the big towns and villages as in the small cities. We not merely dress alike all over the United States, listen to the same things over the radio, see the same movies, read the same magazines, and books, eat the same food from the same kind of cans, drive the same kind of cars, but because we live in closer contact with one another we tend to think alike. There is, for example, no longer the difference in point of view between the city dweller and the inhabitant of the small town which used to make it almost impossible for them to understand each other.

Very well, then; we are becoming a nation of community dwellers—have become such, in fact, without noticing the change very much. What are we going to do about it ,and more important, what is it all doing to us?

First off, an increasing proportion of us are becoming fabricators of finished commodities instead of growers of raw materials of commodities. And that certainly means that those who do remain on the farms are bound to get along better than was the case when there were too many growers in proportion to the number of consumers of farm products.

Second, we, as community dwellers, are developing new tastes and wants, and making the market for all sorts of manufactured commodities greater than it was. We began to realize, just after the war, that America had become an industrial nation. Now, ten years later, we find that industry is spreading out to the small cities and big towns, that better transportation facilities and the exten-

(Continued on Page Eight)

MAN CAN'T SLEEP, GETS NERVOUS, HATES PEOPLE

"I couldn't sleep and got so nervous I hated everybody. Since taking vinol, I can sleep 10 hours and feel full of pep all day."—Julius Bender.

For 30 years doctors have prescribed Vinol because it contains important mineral elements of iron, calcium and cod liver peptone. The very FIRST bottle brings sound sleep and a BIG appetite. Nervous, worn-out people are surprised how QUICK Vinol gives new life and pep! Tastes delicious. Shadle's Drug Store.

School Notes

The following group of poems and the little story are offered by students of the Campbell high school in honor of Memorial Day.

MEMORIAL DAY

The thirtieth of May is now observed as a holiday by the citizens of the United States. Touching ceremonies are performed all over the country, paying respect to those who fought so valiantly that our nation might live.

Although the day was set aside for those who have fought, suffered and died, still our other beloved ones are not forgotten.

Flags above the little tombstones call attention to some brave soul who has passed on. Flowers; blue, red, pink and yellow, cover the graves of others, the work of those who remain. Speeches are made.

Finally a bugle call is heard, then the roar of cannon. Respect has been paid. We pass on, leaving the little white tombstones, but carrying home the memories of our departed ones.

—T. Sourisseau

MEMORIAL DAY

We silently go to the graveyard,
With bowed heads we utter a prayer,
In a never dying tribute
For those who died "over there."
They went leaving all behind them,
The loved ones nearest the heart;
They went ever bravely forward
Not faltering when time came to part.
Giving their splendid young manhood,
Trampling their hopes in the dust,
Standing near those who had died,
Dying for what they thought just.
Then let us always pay tribute
To those heroes who died in the fray,
To honor beloved soldiers,
We must rev'rance Memorial day.

—D. Todd, '31

"Every time I kiss you it makes me a better man."

"Well, you don't have to try to get to heaven in one evening."

TRADE AT HOME

Tree Props and Drying Trays a Specialty

All Kinds of Building Material
Best Service Possible

Announcing our affiliation with

Mr. Geo. Jepsen

representing the L. H. BENNETT Co., distributors for the new

GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Campbell Lumber Co.
Phone 113

What is *good* telephone service!

IT IS service that is *dependable.*

Voices are *easy to hear.*

You can talk *without raising your voice.*

Good service has reasonable *privacy*—not too many subscribers on one line.

Good telephone service enables you to talk with anyone *anywhere*—to any one of 20,000,000 interconnected telephones in the United States and even to many foreign countries—without delay and at reasonable cost.

And good service includes telephones at convenient places about the farm.

That's good telephone service! Your ranch or farm can have it.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

VOTE FOR
Hall S. Schrader
For
County Recorder

An Efficient Business Man makes a good County Official

Primary, August 26, 1930

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

Miss Adams remained in the taxicab at the club door while Hamilton went into the club house and interviewed, in a small reception room, a psychiatrist who was at first somewhat resentful and then deeply interested. The Good Samaritan was soothed by the discovery that the doctor's surprise over the patient's disappearance was as great as his own. To Hamilton the suspicion that his carelessness was responsible for the girl's flight had been the turn of the screw.

"She left this for you," he ended, taking the envelope from his pocket and handing it over. "I'm hoping theres' some clue in it."

Dr. Carrick opened the envelope. It contained a blank sheet of paper and a bank-note for 20 dollars.

He dropped the envelope and paper on the floor and Hamilton bent and picked them up.

"May I have these?" he asked, and put them into his pocket without waiting for permission.

Carrick got up and strolled around the room, in the manner of men who think best on their feet.

"You're sure no one else called on her, and that she didn't receive any telephone message?" he asked at last.

"Not to my knowledge. The telephone was in the sitting room where I was reading, so I'd have heard it, and I suppose any card or guest would have come to the sitting room door," Hamilton said.

"Probably." Carrick took another turn, while Hamilton sat still and gloomily watched him.

"Then what's back of it?" he muttered. "Just panic? In her condition she might easily have been afraid of me, and of the nurse, too; a situation that would have appalled the strongest soul; and his nerves steadied. She was fighting with her back to a blank wall, but even in those few hours she had him, and he had gained in understanding. He would find her.

He leaned forward and gave to the waiting driver the address of a newspaper on whose staff was one of his friends.

When Eve left her visitor in her hotel sitting room and went into her bedroom, supposedly to get ready for the nurse, she absentmindedly tripped over a projecting end of the cot she had ordered. The little episode underlined her dread of the night, and she stood staring at the cot as if already she saw its occupant there. It was in place, the chambermaid had gone, the room was in order, and the opposite door of the bedroom, which led into a rear hall of the hotel, was just closing on the modest exit o fthe porter. She stopped the man with a word, a ready hand mechanically reaching into her handbag for her purse. He was a young Frenchman, and as he came back into the room in answer to her summons his expectant smile suddenly broadened into a look of pleased recognition.

"Good evening, mademoiselle," he said with the eagerness of a lonely person who sees a familiar face in a strange land; and he added in French, rather blankly, as he caught her expression of surprise, "But mademoiselle does not remember me?"

"No doubt I should do so." Eve answered in his own tongue, and he smiled and brightened. "Just where did you see me?" she asked.

He began to explain, volubly and

but I got a strong impression that she had confidence in you." He stopped and met Hamilton's eyes with a sudden keenly professional look. "You felt that, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did. It touched me very much. It's one of the things that makes me feel that I can't let her down," Hamilton admitted. "I've got to find her and be sure she's all right."

Carrick nodded.

"It's going to be a big job to find her," he predicted. "And I'm afraid it's a job where I can't help you much. Left to herself, she'll give sanatoriums and doctors and nurses the widest kind of berth."

There seemed nothing more to say, but for a moment longer they faced each other uncertainly. Then Hamilton straightened his shoulders with a gesture his intimates would have recognized as characteristic of him in moments of final decision.

"I'll tackle it," he announced, referring to the "big job."

"Good!" said the doctor heartily. "And keep me posted,' he added, not quite so heartily, for Carrick was a man hard-driven by his practice. "Let me know if I can be of any use."

They shook hands.

"Better go a little more fully into all the details of her leaving the hotel," was Carrick's final advice. "Interview every one who could possibly have seen her or talked to her. They do queer things when they're in that state."

"He couldn't help much," Hamilton reported to Miss Adams. "Where shall I have the driver take you?"

She gave him her address and he paid the chauffeur in advance, adding, on a sudden memory, the amount due for a night's service. It was a comfort to watch the taxicab vanish toward Fifth avenue. He had a frantic wish to be alone, to begin his quest at once. In a case like this every minute counted. But—where could he begin?

Carrick's club was in the forties, off Broadway, and the roar of the city came to Hamilton from every side as he stood at the curb for a moment, looking around for another taxicab.

What a damned heartless world it was! There was a moon in the sky—a fat moon, which seemed to be leering down at him . . . This town was an awful place for a helpless girl to be alone, at night . . "Miss Nobody from Nowhere" . . . and she had confessed that she hadn't brought much money . . . .

"God!" he breathed. It was as near a prayer as any he had uttered since he was a very little boy.

As if in answer to it a calming memory came to him. He saw her as she had been in the park, as she had been with him, as she had been with the doctor . . . thinking celarly, deciding swiftly . . . terrified, yes, but "holding fast" in the names of friends who had come to see her, episodes of the life she had lived in Paris—all or any of which, when he told them to her, could be the clues she needed. Yes, in those gesticulating and not overclean young hands might lie the strings that would lead her back into the normal world.

"What is your name?" she abruptly asked him.

"Marcel Charpentier, mademoisell," he told her.

"Listen, Marcel," she said, in his own language. "Listen attentively. I have a plan and perhaps you can help me. If you can, I know you will, for we were acquaintances in France." She stopped with a gesture his eager assurance, looked understandingly at his brightening face, and went on: "Besides, I will of course pay you well for any time and trouble you give to my service.

"I desire to leave this hotel, Marcel," she continued, "and to find a new home in this city. I must, of course, see the clerk and pay him when I go. But there are reasons why I wish no one to know where I am, except you. You I am sure I can trust."

The tribute, she was glad to observe, left him almost speechless.

"What I can do for mademoiselle will be done,' was all he could bring out, his black eyes avid with interest.

"Thank you. Then tell me, first, do you know of a good place where I can go and live?—one which is not expensive," she added. "A place simple and clean and respectable, like the little htel you speak of in Paris."

She took it for granted that the little hotel in Paris had these qualities, and apparently she was right, for Marcel nodded and gave himself to ostentatious thought.

He had been in the city less than half a year, and he had little knowledge of either hotels or lodging houses; but now he remembered something. A friend of his, he told her, was the janitor of a downtown house which had little apartments of two or three rooms—a sitting room, a bedrom, even a bathroom, and of a price very reasonable.

Eve came to a prompt decision. She went back into the bedroom and returned with a sheet of paper and a pencil.

"Write the address for me," she directed, "and your full name, too. I will go and look at the house you speak of. If I do not settle there, I will let you know. Unless you hear from me, come there at eight tomorrow evening. I desire to have a long talk with you."

She took the slip he gave her and handed him five dollars.

"Remember," she warned, "I am trusting you. Not a word to any one."

Marcel took the bank-note and slowly pocketed it. His face was very serious. It was odd—all this. There was much in it he did not understand. She had not been thus in Paris. But he would serve the lady to the best of his ability.

Eve packed in seven minutes.

She was out of the hotel 23 minutes after she had left Hamilton. She walked across to the next avenue and there picked up a taxicab.

(Continued Next Week)

happily, enchanted, it was clear, by this unexpected encounter with a former patron, and perhaps foreseeing, too, agreeable possibilities of fees in the new association. They were standing near the entrance he hadu sed, and with a gesture she drew him over the threshold and out into the hall, closing the door behind them.

It was in Paris they had met, the porter explained, in the little Hotel Voltaire of the Quai Voltaire on the left bank, when Mademoiselle had spent the winter there three—no, it was four years ago. It was not surprising that mademoiselle did not remember him, he humbly admitted. He himself had been then of an unimaginable unimportance—not even her waiter, but merely a waiter's boy. Still, in that lowly capacity, he had daily seen mademoiselle, and once or twice had done small services for her such as carrying notes to her friends.

Despite his Gallic courtesy, it was clear that he was disappointed by her failure to recognize him, and Eve sought to soothe his hurt pride by a larger fee than the cot bringing justified, while with an increasing tremor she considered what the encounter might mean to her. The young Frenchman would earn much more than a fifty-cent tip before their interview ended, but the instinct of caution developed in her during the past few hours made her quiet her singing nerves and move slowly.

"And you have remembered my name all this time?" she asked, in a voice she vainly tried to keep steady.

The young porter, however, observed nothing unusual about it, for here the entente between them, so agreeable up till now, experienced a sudden chill. He flushed and stammered. It was incredible; it was unpardonable; he abased himself before her; but the fact was that for the moment he did not remember Mademoiselle's name. Her face, of course, one would never forget. Even though he himself had been a mere boy of 17 when he last saw it, had he not remembered it at once, after four years? Eve let the flow of compliments pour forth. Her mind was working clearly and rapidly. She had merely intended to get away from the hotel, without knowing how she was going to do it. Now she realized that this youth could help her and that she must establish a relationship between them which would enable her to keep in touch with him. Mentally she considered a plan while her brain subconsciously registered what the porter was saying.

Undoubtedly, he assured her, the name would come to him at any minute. This, she knew, was possible. Sooner or later he ought to recall that name. He might recall, too, if he did not now remember them, the names of the friends to whom he had carried those notes,

KIWANIS NOTES
By Heck

"Happiness," the phantom most elusive to those who seek it and best attained by those who serve, was quite thoroughly discussed by the Rev. Green of Palo Alto at Kiwanis luncheon today. He stated that "happiness is not the goal of life," but is a sort of by-product for those who seek to bring about the greatest happiness to the greatest number. Happiness sought for self is the hardest to gain and in most instances quite unobtainable.

Service for others without a consciousness of self will result in the greater degree of happiness to both the servant and the served.

Lloyd Berry, Mark Purmort and Dean Whitman reported on the trustees district meeting at Watsonville where they represented Campbell last week.

Marcus Purmort, pullet producer, will direct the market next Tuesday. Walter H. Nichols of Palo Alto will be the speaker of the hour, talking on the "Trials of an Author."

Odd Fellows In First Nomination of Officers

Morning Light lodge No. 42 met in regular session Thursday evening, May 22. Reports were heard from the delegates to the grand lodge held in Oakland two weeks ago.

The first nominations of officers were held at this meeting and the following names were selected: Edwin Mitchell, noble grand; Roy Mathis, Al Covey, Herbert Gardner and Fred Grizzle, vice grand; Dr. F. R. Anderson and A. E. Bryden, trustee.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to those kind friends who so helped us during the recent illness and death of our father, and for the beautiful floral offerings.

Mildred Cooke, Lloyd Cooke,
Wilma Cooke Smith.

Down the West Coast of Mexico

—thru, fast train service

A NEW, fast train carrying standard Pullmans and dining car leaves Nogales every day except Saturday. 48 hours Nogales to Guadalajara. Thence overnight to Mexico City.

Through Pullmans from Los Angeles via Tucson and Nogales. You can, for example, leave Los Angeles on Sunday (4 p.m.), arrive Tucson Monday, Guadalajara Wednesday, Mexico City Thursday morning.

This fast train surrounds you with a bit of the America you know—modern Pullmans, a dining car styled by Southern Pacific—and swiftly speeds you through the newest Old World . . . Mexico.

Southern Pacific

C. T. TANNER Campbell Agent

Local Happenings

Mrs. J. W. French of Pacific Grove has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. D. Blaine, and other relatives in Campbell.

Mrs. Lena Rodeck returned May 22 from Gilroy where she has been visiting her son, Ben.

Miss Susan Swope of Santa Clara, Miss Emma Swope, Miss Mary Rodeck and Mrs. Ethel Davis returned May 22 from a trip along the Redwood highway to Eureka and way points.

Ruth Statler of San Jose was visiting Miss Winnie Grizzle Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whitman were visitors in Oakland Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Parso were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ludwig in Berkeley Saturday.

Mrs. Harry Wilkins and son Richard of Auburn, Wash., arrived in Campbell Wednesday afternoon for a visit with Mrs. Wilkins' brother, Harry C. Smith, and family.

George E. Hyde left Saturday for eastern cities where he will transact business. He expects to be gone a month.

Mrs. E. C. Parmalee and Miss Melba Parmalee of Chicago are spending a fortnight here visiting their brother and uncle, C. E. Buck, and family. They will visit Portland, Ore., enroute home.

Dan Yeager, secretary of the Santa Clara county rural carriers, will accompany R. J. Stump of Watsonville to Fresno Friday to attend a meeting of the rural carriers. Saturday they will transact business in Sacramento.

Miss Gladys Grizwold, who has been visiting in San Francisco, is now visiting at the W. C. and Claude Grizzle home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Haliwell and son have moved from their home on West Campbell avenue to a place on North Second street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Morgan, Jr., Nee Ione Pearce, returned Sunday from a two weeks' honeymoon trip through Washington, Oregon and Idaho .They have settled down to housekeeping in the Sharpless apartments on Central avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. James Kelley of Redwood Estates were recent visitors in Campbell.

Mrs. E. R. Dennis and Mrs. Mary Sue Field arrived by train Friday morning from McPherson, Kan., to spend several weeks with their nephew and son, Carl B. Field, and family.

The autumn division of the Congregational Guild will hold a silver tea at the home of Mrs. W. H. Stray on North Second street Thursday afternoon, May 29. Other divisions are cordially invited.

Mrs. H. J. Verner of Birmingham, Ala., is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Cramer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Smith, accompanied by Mrs. Harry Wilkins and son of Auburn, Ore., motored to Twin Lakes to visit Mr. and Mrs. S. M. King. Mrs. King came home with them and will stay until Wednesday.

Miss Margaret Pardee was honored at a surprise shower and bridge party recently. Mrs. Harry Smith of San Mateo was the hostess. Miss Pardee will be married soon.

Mrs. J. E. Carter of Palo Alto was visiting with her mother, Mrs. John Duncan, Tuesday.

Miss Evelyn Voge is home for her summer vacation after concluding a successful year teaching at the Glenbourn school.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith will leave Thursday for a vacation in the northern part of the state.

Mrs. C. B. Evans left last week for an extended visit in Sacramento with her son, E. I. Evans.

Miss Dorothy Merriman is recovering very satisfactorily from her recent accident.

FIELD'S STORE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY SPECIALS

Morning Milk, 3 tall cans	25c
Fluffo, 4 lb. can	87c
Rainier Lime Rickey, 2 bottles	37c
Walker's Chile Con Carne, 2 No. 1 cans	25c
Underwood Deviled Ham, No. ¼ can	15c
Tea, Ridgways Orange Label, ½ lb. pkg.	45c
Malt-O-Meal, pkg.	23c
Full Value Toilet Tissue, 5 rolls	25c
Wheaties, with all the bran, two 8 oz. pkgs.	25c
Supreme Tomato Sauce, 8 oz. can	4 1-3c

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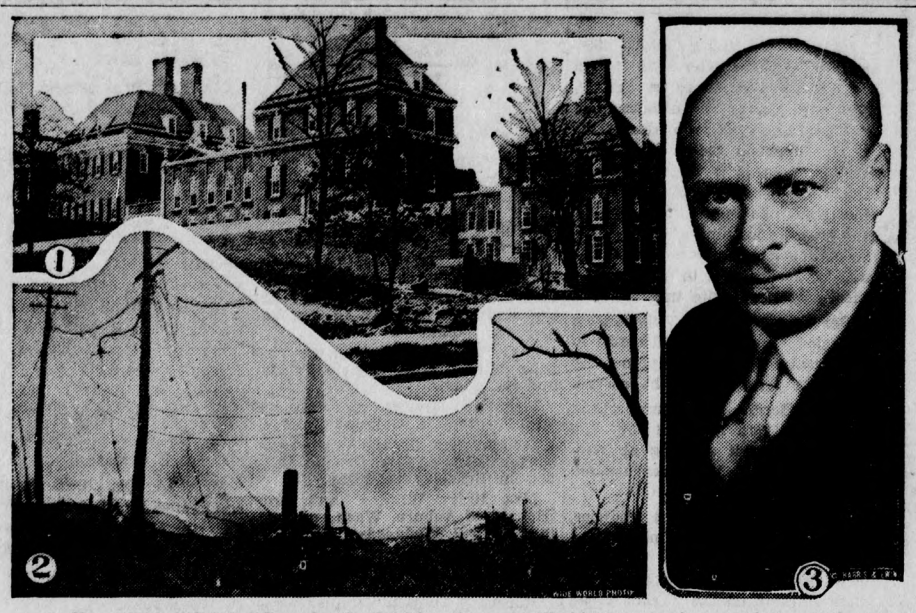

1—New million dollar buildings for the British embassy in Washington, nearing completion, to be occupied on June 3, the birthday of King George. 2—Night scene during the conflagration that destroyed hundreds of residences in Nashua, N. H. 3—Herman Bernstein, author and journalist, who is now American minister to Albania.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

Senate Rejects Nomination of Parker as Supreme Court Justice.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

NOMINATION of Judge John J. Parker of North Carolina to be associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States was rejected by the senate by a margin of two votes. A like event had not occurred in 36 years.

It was stated in Washington that President Hoover would seek another appointee, and the names most prominently mentioned were those of Chief Justice Fenton Whitlock Booth of the Court of Claims; John W. Davis, the Democratic Presidential nominee of 1924, and Newton D. Baker of Ohio, secretary of war under President Wilson. Since many of the southern senators voted against Judge Parker it was rather taken for granted by many that another Southerner would not be appointed; Mr. Hoover is merely human.

The senate's action was the climax of ten days of keen debate concerning Judge Parker's decision in a labor injunction case, and his personal stand on the negro question when he was a nominee for the governorship of North Carolina and stated that "the participation of the negro in politics is a source of evil and danger to both races." Political considerations and anti-administration sentiment also were factors in the result. It was asserted the President by the appointment was trying to retain for his party the southern votes it received in the last Presidential election. And, of course, the radical Republicans—except Senator Norbeck of South Dakota—opposed the nomination, as they have opposed nearly all administration measures.

Of the 39 who voted for Judge Parker's confirmation 29 were Republicans and 10 Democrats. The 41 against included 17 Republicans, 23 Democrats and 1 Farmer-Labor member. Paired for the nomination were 5 Republicans and 3 Democrats, while paired against were also 5 Republicans and 3 Democrats. Counting pairs, 34 Republicans were lined up for Parker while 22 Republicans were against him. There were 13 Democrats for Parker and 26 against him.

Since the creation of the Supreme court in 1789, nine men appointed by the Chief Executive have been rejected by the senate. One of these—John Rutledge of South Carolina—was a nominee for chief justice. The last rejection before that of Judge Parker was that of Wheeler H. Peckham, in 1894.

PRESIDENT HOOVER was credited with a decided victory when the house passed on controversial administrative provisions in the tariff bill. By a vote of 161 to 231 it defeated a motion to accept the senate export debenture amendment to which Mr. Hoover was so firmly opposed that its inclusion probably would have resulted in a veto. Then the house, by a vote of 154 to 232, rejected a motion to accept the senate amendments repealing the flexible provisions of the present law. The President has strongly advocated retention of power in the Executive to make emergency changes in duties on the recommendation of the tariff commission.

Both house and senate sent the tariff measure back to conference, and it was expected the senate would finally yield on both these points.

IN CONNECTION with tariff matters it is interesting to read that Premier Mackenzie King announced in the Canadian house of commons that a general election would be held, probably early in August, in which the main issue will be Canadian tariff retaliation against the United States for impending American tariff increases against Canada.

The premier's announcement, which staggered the house, because of its suddenness, followed a three-hour speech by Richard B. Bennett, Conservative leader, in which Mr. Bennett denounced the countervailing duties provisions of the Canadian budget and wound up by moving a motion of no confidence in the Mackenzie King administration.

Under these countervailing duties the Canadian tariff on 16 major items automatically moves to the level of American imports against Canada, and the items consist largely of those now under review by the United States congress for increase.

CONSTERNATION among home brewers followed a decision of the Supreme court, written by Justice Holmes, upholding the seizure and forfeiture of kegs, bottles, bottle cappers, caps and other apparatus sold for use in the production of illegal beverages. One loophole was seen by the dealers in these articles, Justice Holmes referring specifically to appliances offered for sale purposely to attract persons intending to use them for the manufacture of illegal drink. Prohibition Commissioner Doran announced he would instruct his administrators to proceed against commercial distributors of brewing apparatus.

F. SCOTT McBRIDE, general superintendent of the Anti-Saloon league, was an interesting witness before the senate lobby committee. He said the league now has a deficit, and that the leadership it formerly possessed has passed to the executive committee of the defensive alliance of about thirty dry organizations.

Under cross-examination he testified that the league is an active lobby, that it still seeks to influence federal appointments by timely recommendations, that it maintains a surveillance over federal judges and makes sure that federal district attorneys are kept advised of its desires through the submission of briefs for the guidance of the prosecutors in liquor law prosecutions.

EXASPERATED by the spreading revolt of the Nationalists of India, the British government decided it would be best to put Mahatma Gandhi under arrest. The "holy man" was taken into custody suddenly at Jalalpur and conveyed to a jail at Yeroda, near Poona, where he was given comfortable quarters and an ample allowance for his personal expenses. Later he was removed to the Purandhar military sanitarium. Gandhi's wife and his lieutenants were prompt to take over the leadership of the civil disobedience campaign. The news of the mahatma's arrest was carried swiftly over the peninsula and the immediate result was renewal of the riotous demonstrations in many localities. The natives had frequent clashes with the troops and police and there were numerous casualties. Disturbances were especially violent in Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta, Chittagong and Lahore.

It was expected a meeting of journalists would be held in Bombay on May 18 to adopt resolutions for a nation-wide suspension of the press because of the application of the old censorship law.

Several leaders of the moderates of India are in London carrying on peace negotiations and it was reported that Wedgwood Benn, secretary of state for India, was willing to give assurance of the determination of the British government eventually to grant dominion status to India.

EARTHQUAKE, followed by a tidal wave and conflagration, wiped out Pegu, an old seaport of Burma, 58 miles north of Rangoon, and also did a lot of damage in the latter city. The total dead were esimated at 600, of whom two-thirds were inhabitants of Pegu. Hundreds of others were injured. A large section of the Indian population in Rangoon connected the disaster with the arrest of Mahatma Gandhi, leader of India's civil resistance campaign, and police and military forces were diverted from rescue work to quell a riot, in which persons wearing foreign cloth were stripped of their clothing, which was piled on bonfires.

About the same time heavy earthquakes occurred in the northwestern part of Persia and it was reported that 2,000 persons were killed. The towns of Urumiya, recently re-named Razaieh, and Salmast were destroyed. The former is the reputed birthplace of Zoroaster.

Tornadoes struck in widely scattered sections of Texas, killing seventy persons and demolishing many homes; and there were destructive windstorms in Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska in which several persons perished.

Fire destroyed a considerable part of the town of Nashua, N. H., rendering a thousand persons homeless. In New Jersey and on Long Island and Staten Island forest and brush fires lasting several days did great dimage.

IN CARTHAGE, that ancient city in north Africa where thousands of Christians were martyrized centuries ago, the 1930 Eucharistic congress of the Roman Catholic church opened last week. Some twenty thousands of the faithful were there, including many of the highest dignitaries of the church, Pope Pius being represented by Cardinal Lepicier. The ceremonies began in the old St. Louis cathedral on a hill overlooking the ruins and hovels that now constitute the once mighty city; and some of the rites during the five days were performed in Tunis, ten miles away.

SUPPORTERS of the London naval agreement met a congressional rebuff when the house appropriation committee deleted an indorsement of the pact from the report prepared by its naval subcommittee for transmittal to the house with the $377,000,000 naval supply bill.

As prepared by the subcommittee, whose chairman is Representative Burton French of Idaho, the report referred to the treaty as a "signal accomplishment" and "an achievement of immeasureable importance" to the signatory nations. In executive session the full appropriation committee ordered all commendatory matter regarding the pact stricken out. As finally presented when the naval bill was introduced, the report contained only matters pertinent to the naval bill.

The measure recommends an outlay of $377,000,000 for new construction and for maintenance of the naval establishment during the 1931 fiscal year. Of this sum $57,365,000 is set aside for new construction work and for modernizing the battleships. The measure represents an increase of $14,851,056 over the naval appropriations for the present fiscal year. It is $1,710,500 below the 1931 budget estimates recommended by President Hoover.

GOLD star mothers to the number of 235 sailed from New York on the first of the pilgrimages to the battlefields of France under the auspices of the government and at its expense. These women whose sons died in the World war came from many states. They were given a most hospitable reception by New York officials and organizations, and then started across the ocean on the steamship America to visit the graves of their boys.

THE senate foreign relations committee arranged to hold open hearings on the London treaty beginning May 12 with Secretary of State Stimson as the first witness. The naval affairs committee of the senate also made its plans for hearings on the pact.

Senator David A. Reed, last of the delegates to return from London, arrived in Washington and enthusiastically predicted that the treaty would be ratified.

THE National Live Stock Marketing association, the fourth national commodity marketing concern under the auspices of the federal farm board, was organized in Chicago with a capital of $1,000,000 after being approved by representatives of 17 live stock co-operatives. The Farmers' union and the Central Live Stock Producers' association declined to join the new corporation.

THE Farmers' National Grain corporation, through its president, C. E. Huff, announced that plans for regional and branch development now under way call for the establishment of five branches of the corporation, at Kansas City, Mo., for southwest territory; St. Paul, Duluth, or Minneapolis for the spring wheat area; Spokane, Wash., or Portland, Ore., for the Pacific northwest, with Henry W. Collins of Pendleton, Ore., as manager; Buffalo for the mill business and export outlet in the northeast, and St. Louis or Indianapolis, probably, for the soft wheat territory from Missouri eastward to the seaboard.

(©, 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

POULTRY

ROOSTERS SPREAD POULTRY DISEASE

More Cases of Bacillary White Diarrhea Noticed.

Male birds help to spread bacillary white diarrhea among poultry although the disease does spread without males, according to the New York state college of veterinary science at Cornell university.

Until recently the cause of the spread of this disease among mature chickens has been unsolved. Experiments were conducted in which pens were made up of infected and non-infected hens. Cock birds were placed in some of the pens and others were mainfained without males. A period of months was necessary before any evidence of this dissemination was seen.

Bacillary white diarrhea has been found to be the most widespread and serious disease of baby chicks. To assist poultrymen to control the disease, the veterinary college has encouraged local veterinarians to establish laboratories which are maintained under its supervision. These laboratories are located in Erie, Orange, Onondaga, Otsego, and Greene counties. Long Island also has a number of similar laboratories conducted on the same plan.

Although testing under this plan has been in operation only one year up state and two years on Long Island, nearly 100 flocks have been handled. Approximately 52,000 chickens have been tested and progress is being made in lowering the amount of infection in these flocks and in decreasing the chick mortality due to this disease.

Ducks for Breeders Are Fed Differently

When ducks are raised for breeders they are fed differently from those intended for market. They are not forced so much as are the latter, and less fattening feed is given them. The cornmeal and beef scraps are reduced to one-half the quantity used in the above rations. The following is an excellent ration: Equal parts cornmeal, wheat bran, green feed, 5 per cent beef scraps, and 5 per cent coarse sand or grit.

A ration for breeding (laying) ducks is recommended as follows: Fifty per cent by measure, cornmeal; 15 per cent wheat bran; 15 per cent green feeds (cooked vegetables, such as potatoes, turnips, etc.); 12 per cent beef scraps, and 8 per cent coarse sand or grit. Mix with water to a dry, crumbly state and feed twice a day—morning and night.

Proper Feed Selection for Raising Ducklings

The proper selection of the feed is extremely important to secure the rapid growth of the duck, and the ingredients of the feed must be such as will afford a well balanced and substantial ration. As a whole, it may be said that the rations used by the largest duck raisers are essentially the same, differing only in the quantities used in the mixing.

Investigations show the real value of the feed to be the same for producing rapid growth and early development. The duckling grows twice as rapidly and is a much heavier eater than the chick, and to produce the best results its feed must be such as will be easily assimilated. Various methods of feeding are recommended for raising ducks successfully.

Feeding Chicks

Don't feed the newly hatched chick too soon after hatching. It should not be given food for at least 48 to 72 hours after hatching, says Orville Ufford, poultryman at the Colorado Agricultural college. The yolk which is only partly used up as food during the incubation period is taken into the body of the baby chick just before it emerges from the shell. This furnishes sufficient nourishment to maintain the life the chick for a number of days.

POULTRY FACTS

Profitable turkey raising is largely a matter of proper management.

* * *

Broilers pay good returns when they are marketed sufficiently early in the spring.

* * *

The cockerels from the early hatches may be satisfactorily marketed as broilers.

* * *

During the last thirty years the hen has risen from merely a side issue to become a basic part of our agricultural wealth.

* * *

It is probably best to use two geese with one gander. Sometimes three are mated but best results will be had from the closer mating.

* * *

In feeding geese it is always advisable to have plenty of water near at hand as they do not swallow well unless it is washed down.

* * *

Chilled chicks will often show signs of diarrhea. Keep the brooder stove regulated to furnish the right temperature and much trouble will be prevented.

* * *

Eggs contain phosphorus, iron, calcium, common salt, potassium, salts and sulphur in easily digested form. All of these are necessary to health and are much easier to take as fresh eggs than in the old spring tonic of sulphur and molasses.

Kill dirty roaches!

Flit is sold only in this yellow can with the black band.

Spray clean smelling FLIT

because its stainless vapor KILLS QUICKER

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Useful

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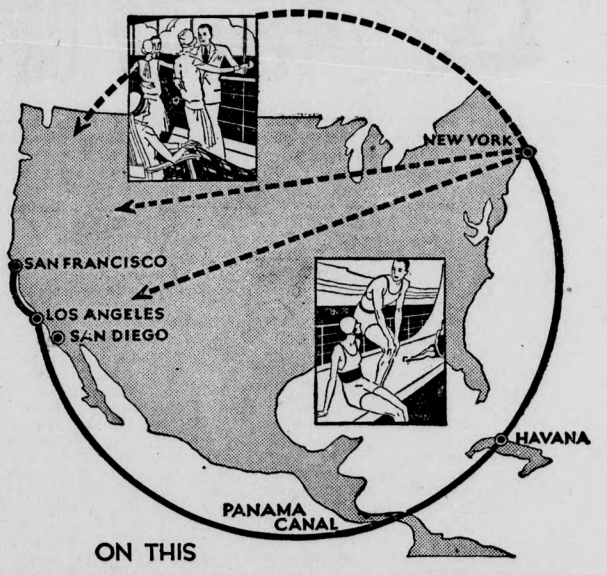
Imperfect Humanity

A great percentage of people are born with arms of unequal length and about 10 per cent have odd legs, declares a European scientist.

HAPPY VACATION DAYS AT SEA...

(LOAF OR PLAY TO YOUR HEART'S CONTENT)



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Sail away on this new vacation adventure this summer. Your ship is one of the great electric fleet, the largest ships ever built in America. You'll dance under tropic stars as you sail. You'll swim and play the days away with worry and care a "million miles" behind.

You'll visit historic Panama, pass thru the gigantic Panama Canal in daylight, spend happy hours in gay Havana.

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The best "friend in need" in case of fire, accident, theft or death is—INSURANCE; and the average person carries **less than half** the insurance he should for the protection of property and family. And by insurance is meant **all kinds of insurance.**

For there **are all** kinds of insurance available. In fact, to list them here would more than fill the page. That is why we have "insurance specialists." There are men in this town who **specialize** in insurance, and who should be consulted about your insurance problems just as you consult your doctor on the problems of your health.

These men can advise you as to **your** individual insurance needs. They can help you secure the protection to which you and your family are entitled.

INSURANCE is an important COMMUNITY PROBLEM! Lack of insurance is one of the primary causes of poverty; and poverty in a community works a hardship on everyone. TO BE PROPERLY INSURED is an OBLIGATION WHICH IS OWED YOUR FELLOW-TOWNSMAN!

There is no definite schedule of insurance which a person should carry! Individual conditions and circumstances govern individual cases.

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1: Protection of family in case of death.
2: Protection of property against all types of loss.
3: Protection of income in case of accident or sickness.
4: Protection for age-retirement.

YOUR insurance problem is worthy of intelligent thought and action NOW.

Many towns have been seriously handicapped by individual poverty due to inadequate life insurance protection or to devastating fires without proper fire insurance protection. Let's not take these chances in

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Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif. Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Chris Anderson, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings. Fred Getchell, Noble Grand,
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secty.

Patriarchial Branch I. O. O. F.
Barnes Encampment No. 77
Meets first and third Wednesday evenings at I. O. O. F. hall in Campbell.
H. A. Pratt,
Chief Patriarch.
E. A. Draper,
Scribe.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Walter Robert Copley, also known as Walter R. Copley, also known as W. R. Copley, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last Will and Testament of Walter Robert Copley, also known as Walter R. Copley, also known as W. R. Copley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in and for Santa Clara County, California, within six (6) months after the first publication of this Notice, or within said period to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, to the said Executors at the office of Bohnett, Hill & Campbell, rooms 807-812 First National Bank Building, in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, where all business connected with said estate will be transacted.

San Jose, Calif., this 15th day of May, A. D., 1930.

J. C. Ainsley,
Ernest A. Priestley,
Executors of the last Will and Testament of Walter Robert Copley, also known as Walter R. Copley, also known as W. R. Copley, deceased.

Bohnett, Hill & Campbell, Attys. for said Executors. (37-38-39-40)

WAN-TADS

PIANO

We have in storage near Campbell one baby grand piano of our own manufacture, which we will sell at a big reduction in price rather than stand the expense of returning to San Francisco. $10 per mo. will handle. Send full information to

Name .....

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The Baldwin Piano Company
310 Sutter St., San Francisco

Hemstitching — Reasonable. Call evenings. F. Fletcher, 106 No. Central, phone 107-J. 35-42

Beautiful bungalow piano to be sold at once at Campbell. Perfect condition and fully guaranteed. Will take your phonograph or radio as part payment and make most any terms you want on the balance. For lacation and full particulars write Factory Warehouse, 347 13th St., Oakland, Calif. (36-39)

For Rent—Modern 3 rm. and bath cottage on Campbell avenue. See Haliwell & Jones. 1tchg

Furnished house for rent. See O. A. Putnam.

RELIABLE DEALER wanted to succeed C. M. McKnight in Santa Clara County to handle Heberling Products. Excellent opportunity for the right man. Many make $50 to $60 weekly profits. Write quickly for free catalogue.

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Dept. 2676, Bloomington, Ill.
(38-39)

CENSUS FIGURES SHOW

(Continued from Page Four)

sion of electric power lines are bringing industries into the little communities. And that means that the problem of the wage earner are becoming more and more important to larger numbers of people than the problems of the farmer are.

The affairs of the community as such command more and more attention as communities grow larger. Living in crowds has a definite effect upon manners and customs. The pressure of the mass upon the individual has a moulding effect on character. Personal rights have to be subordinated, in many respects, to the rights of the social group.

It would be interesting, if one could do it, to come back to America a hundred years from now, and see what changes have occurred in the American people themselves as a result of the closer-knit community life upon which we, as a people, have definitely and finally entered.

Greatest 6-PLY Tire Values

New HEAVY DUTY GOODYEAR All-Weather

New HEAVY DUTY GOODYEAR Pathfinder
LIFETIME GUARANTEED

ever offered here!

These latest 1930 Goodyear Heavy Duty tires top the list for stunning looks, extra endurance and extra milage. Only because Goodyear builds MILLIONS MORE tires, and enjoys lowest costs, are such values possible. Come in — see them — compare them with any other tires! Special proposition on complete sets.

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... are thanking *electricity* for making cooking *a pleasure*

... and bringing cleanliness and beauty into the kitchen

The electric range is the "keynote" for a clean, beautiful kitchen.

And how the electric range improves cooking! — and gives you more time for out-of-the-kitchen activities. For electric cooking can be entirely automatic. After a meal is placed in the oven you never have to watch it—or baste the meat.

No wonder that 31,000 of our customers are thanking electricity for making cooking a pleasure — and for bringing cleanliness and beauty into their kitchens.

Today's electric range has faster cooking elements, a rust-proof oven. pressed steel parts, and a smooth porcelain enamel finish which wipes clean as easily as a China plate.

You'll be surprised to learn that today's electric range costs no more than any good range. You will be delighted with the automatic features which give you sunlit hours of freedom.

A few dollars down will place an electric range in your home, ready to use. Come into our office or a dealer's store and see the beautiful new electric ranges.

Judging from present sales—over 2200 of our customers will install *electric ranges* during April, May, and June

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PINKY DINKY *and His Gang* — **By Terry Gilkison**

Folks Say as How—
—THAT PINKY BOY IS A CUTE ONE. HE GAVE ME A LAUGH IN CLASS THE OTHER DAY— HE—
NOW, PINKY, HERE'S A SIMPLE QUESTION. WHAT IS TWO TIMES TWO?
EASY! FOUR!
VERY GOOD! NOW WHAT'RE TWO THREES?
THIRTY THREE!
?
33
TERRY GILKISON
Pinky Dinky JINGLES
OH! WILLIE-E-E!
LEAVE ME ALONE! I'M THINKING
OUR LITTLE WILLIE McCUE HAS NOTHING AT ALL TO DO SO HE CRIES— AND HE TRIES TO THINK OF A THING— CAN YOU?